

The First Eidillion of
M o s c H u s describing
Love.

[Compare with Vol 1 1./ 107]



[fENUS aloud, for her
son CUPID cried, " If
any spy LOVE
gadding in the
street, It is my

rogue ! He that shall
him

betray, For hire, of VENUS
shall have kisses
sweet ! But thou that brings
him, shall have more
beside, Thou shalt

not only kiss, but as guest stay !

By many marks, the Boy thou mayst bewray !
'Mongst twenty such beside, thou shalt perceive
him ! Not of a pale complexion, but like fire !
Quick rolling eyes, and flaming in their gyre !
False heart ! Sweet words, which quickly will
deceive him, To whom he speaks ! Sweet
speech, at your desire ; But vex him ! then, as
any wasp he stingeth !

Lying, and false ! if you receive him ;
A crafty lad ! and cruel pastimes
bringeth !

A fair curled head, and a right waggish
face ! His hands are small ; yet he shoots
far away ! For even so far as Acheron, he
shooteth ! And to the Infernal Monarch, his
darts stray. Clothesless, he, naked goes in
every place ! And yet to know his thoughts,
it no man booteth !